The Procession.

A POEM ON Her Majesties FUNERAL.

By a Gentleman of the Army.

——— *Fungar inani*
Munere ——— Virg.

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ON

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By a Gentleman of the Army.

LONDON:

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Lord CUTTS.

My Lord,

COmpassion which gives us a more sweet, and generous touch, than any other concern that attends our Nature, had at the Funeral-Procession so sensible an effect upon even Me, that I could not forbear being guilty of the Paper with which I presume to trouble your Lordship. For what could be a more moving consideration, than that a Lady, who had all that Youth, Beauty, Virtue, and Power could bestow, should be so suddenly snatch'd from us? A Lady that was serv'd by the Sword, and celebrated by the Pen of my Lord Cutts. *Though indeed, if we rightly esteem'd things, we should lament for our* own *sakes, not* Hers; *so Poor a thing it is to make an Evil of that, which is certainly the kindest Boon of Nature,* our Dissolution. *But the Men of Honour are not so ungrateful to their* Friend Death, *as to look at him in the ghastly dress the World gives him, of Rawbones, Shackles, Chains, Diseases, and Torments; they know that he is so far from bringing such Company, that he relieves us from 'em. So little is there in what Men make such Pother about, and so much is it an Irony to call it* brave *to expire calmly, and* resolution *to go to rest. This*

is no News to your Lordship, whom Death has so often allur'd with the Glory *of Dangers, and with the* Beauty *of Wounds, I'll not be so Poetical to say, your Muse hover'd about you, and sav'd you inspight of the many you have receiv'd; but am sure I may say, she'll preserve you, when you can receive no more: For* Apollo *is a Physician ev'n after* Death: *as to my Verses, all, methinks, on the Dead Queen ought to be address'd to your Lordship; who, in the Dedication of your own Works, best adorn'd her Living; if Good for your Entertainment, Bad for your Pardon; if, when these are thrown aside, an Eye cast upon 'em introduces the mention of so excellent a Princess, where otherwise She had not been spoken off. I have my full end; nor do I think I come late on a Subject, which all Good Men will Eternally dwell upon. I am sensible how short I have fall'n of expressing the gracefull concern of some Honourable Personages, whose Names I have presum'd with; I design'd 'em only an oblique Commendation, and nam'd 'em for the very Reason they walk'd at the* Funeral, *which was not to show themselves, but to do Honour to the Queen. But should it prove any way offensive, I hope to shun their, and your Lordship's Resentment by the concealment of my name, and borrow the unknown Knight's device, in Sir* Philip Sidney, *of the Fish* Sepia, *which when catch'd in the Net, casts a black Ink about it, and so makes it's escape. This thought, my Lord, checks the fervent Ambition I have long had, of expressing my self, My Lord,*

Your Lordship's

Most Passionate Admirer

March 19. 169$\frac{4}{5}$. *And Most Devoted Humble Servant.*

A POEM ON Her MAJESTIES FUNERAL.

THE days of Man are doom'd to Pain and Strife,
Quiet and Eafe are *Foreign* to our Life;
No fatisfaction is, below, fincere
Pleafure itfelf has fomething that's *fevere*;
But long the fickle wayward *Britifh* Ifle
Did with *falfe* Mirth and Joy it felf beguile;
To

To wild Exceſs their Frantick Humours fly,
While *WILLIAM*'s *flowing* Fortunes bouy 'em high:
But a chill Damp, and Faintneſs ſeize on all,
By Dread *MARIA*'s *Univerſal* Fall:
Their uſual Luxury all Orders leave,
With Joint-conſent to be their Selves, and *Grieve*.

From diſtant homes the *Weeping Nations* come,
A *Mourning World* t' attend her to her Tomb:
The Poor, Her Firſt and Deepeſt Mourner's are,
Firſt in Her *Thoughts*, and Earlieſt in Her care;
All hand in hand with common Friendly Woe,
In Poverty, our *Native* State, they go:
Some whom unſtable Empires did engage,
By Luxury in Youth, to need in Age:
Some who had Virgin Vows for Wedlock broke,
And where, they help expected, found a Yoke;
Others who labour with the double Weight
Of Want, and Memory of a *Plenteous* State;
There Mothers Walk wh' have oft deſpairing ſtood,
Pierc'd with their Infants deafning Sobs for Food;
Then to a Dagger ran, with threat'ning Eyes,
To ſtab their Boſoms, and to hush their Cries;
But in the thought they ſtopp'd, their Locks they tore,
Threw down the Steel, and *Cruelly* forbore:

The

The Innocents their Parent's Love *forgive*,
Smile at their Fate, nor know they are to *live*:
Theſe modeſt wants had ne'er been underſtood,
But by *MARIA's Coming* to be good;
None on their State now caſt a Pitying Eye,
Hear their Complaints, or will their Want ſupply;
They move as if they went, (ſo deep's their moan)
Not only to Her Grave, but to their own;
That were relief, but coming Days they mourn,
Oppreſs'd with Life, and *fearful* to *return*.

With *Dread* concern, the *Awful* Senate came,
Their *Grief*, as all their Paſſions, is the *ſame*.

The next Aſſembly diſſipates our Fears,
The *Stately Mourning* Throng of *Britiſh* Peers;
There, is each Member skill'd, and able known
For ev'ry weighty Purpoſe of a Throne;
T' adorn, or to defend their Native Iſle,
Or Jarring Neighbour States to reconcile;
But moſt from *Ormond's* Port our Souls we chear,
And Hecatombs expect for every Tear;
For to the Foe is certain Vengeance ſent,
When Heroes *ſuffer*, and the Brave *lament*;

To

To one their every Character may fall,
Sommer's, th' implicit Man that ſpeaks 'em all,
That *comprehenſive* Man unskill'd in naught,
With all the Arts of Learn'd Aſſemblies fraught;
Ready his Wit, his Language Free and *Pure*,
His Judgment Quick and Sudden, yet *mature*;
He can their different Powers at once diſpenſe,
So juſtly is he form'd to *ſpeak their Senſe*:
But now Dumb Sorrow repreſents 'em more,
Then e'er his Powerful Eloquence before,
Though when his Lips with their known Rhet'rick flow,
The *World's as ſilent*, as himſelf is now.

Now all are Paſt, yon' Wondrous Man appears,
We yield to *Gay Diſtreſs* and comely Tears:
Villars! a Name deſign'd by Nature Chief,
T' invite to *Joy*, or reconcile to *Grief*.
The Groſs of Men were to courſe Uſes Born,
But Heav'n made them Creation to *adorn*,
With mix'd diſturb'd Delight by all is ſeen,
His *Moving* Manner, and his *Speaking* meen;
Rage, Pity, and Diſdain at once we trace,
In the *diſtracted* Beauties of his Face;
We meaſure his each Step, each Motion Scan,
The *Grief* of Woman! but the *Strength* of Man!

To

To ſuch an Heigth his ſwoln Afflictions grow,
H' inſpires the Steed he leads with Humane Woe;
The *Generous* Beaſt looks back to's Purple ſide,
And now *laments* what was before his *Pride:*
No more at Voice of Warring Muſick bounds,
He feels *New Paſſion* as the Trumpet ſounds;
Nor knows what Power, his Courage ſtole away,
But heaves into big *Sighs* when he would *Neigh.*
Here at a ſtand our weary'd Sorrow ſeems
Rack'd with new Forms, and tortur'd with Extremes;
E'er this ſad Triumph paſt we found relief,
Continu'd anguiſh loſt the ſenſe of Grief;
But ſtill the Chariot fainting force ſupply'd,
Anew we all reviv'd, anew we dy'd;
Grief did all bounds ambitiouſly deny,
Swell'd every Breaſt, and melted every Eye.
Lo! Death himſelf! See him Triumphant ride!
Lo! the *Grim Being* moves with ſullen Pride;
His Jaws are glutted for th' enſuing Year,
He'll ſhun our Cities, and our Armies *ſpare:*
The Ladies plac'd on high with looks deject,
With down intended looks our Souls direct.
Gold, Purple, Tiſſue, *Crowns Enchant* the ſight,
And move our Grief, that us'd to give *Delight:*

There drowſie Gems, their Nature know no more,
But gather *Darkneſs* now, as *Light* before;
There all that's Bright i' th' *Widow*'d World is ſeen,
Too faint t' expreſs, ev'n the *Departed Queen.*

No Mortal Beauty yet recalls an Eye,
The neareſt Mourners paſs neglected by;
But as the Ladies March, the lengthening row
Inſpires a more familiar *Kindly Woe:*
Sure that's the Region of departed Loves,
Such *Gloomy Day* enlights th' Elyſian Groves;
One Univerſal Face their Paſſion wears,
But *Darby*'s *ſmother'd* Sighs and *Guſhing Tears,*
In Her Affliction takes an abject State,
Something ſo humbly *Low,* yet very *Great;*
No ſingle Cauſe ſo *different Grief* cou'd ſend,
She Weeps as *Subject, Servant,* and a *Friend:*
To cloſe the Pomp the Fair Attendant Maids,
Appear *true Angels* dreſs'd like *fancy'd Shades;*
Their Grief imparts t' unpitied Lover's eaſe,
Sadly they Charm, and *diſmally* they Pleaſe:
Their clouded *Beauties* ſpeak Man's *gawdy* ſtrife,
The glittering Miſeries of Humane Life.

Who that theſe paſſing Obſequies had ſeen,
Wou'd e'er believe this were that *very Queen*;
That very Queen, whom Heav'n ſo lately gave
A *Crown*, in the ſame Place where, now, a *Grave!*
I ſee Her yet, Nature and Fortune's Pride,
A *Scepter* Grac'd her Hand, a *King* her Side,
Cœleſtial Youth and Beauty did impart,
Prophetick Viſion to the coldeſt Heart:
We ſaw her Children ſhould ſucceed her ſway,
And *future Monarchs* round her Table Play.
Her People's Acclamations rend the Skies,
The ecchoing Firmament returns their Cries.
She unconcern'd and careleſs all the while,
Rewards their loud applauſes with a *Smile*,
With eaſie Majeſty, and *Humble State*,
Smiles at the *trifle Power*, and knows its date.
What being prov'd ſo furiouſly enclin'd,
For that Sh *each Day aſſum'd*, each Night *reſign'd*?
So ſhort a Period to Her Glories giv'n,
The *Crime* of Fate, and the reproach of Heav'n!

But now the Pomp to th' ſacred Abbey's led,
The Wide *Capacious Palace* of the Dead;
The Glaring Lamps diſturb their *uſual Night*,
They half awaken'd with th' intruding Light.

Souls

Souls to a *Slumber* Wake, and move their Clay,
They think her Pile, their *Resurrection* Day.
What Hands commit the Beauteous Good and Just,
The Dearer Part of *WILLIAM* to the Dust?
In Her his Vital Heat, his Glory lies,
In Her the Monarch lay'd, in Her he Dies.
One was their Soul, while he secur'd Her rest,
War's Hardships seem'd *Luxurious* to his Breast;
And he Abroad, no Peace repose could yield;
She felt the distant *Dangers* of the Field.
No form of State makes the Great Man forego,
The task due to *Her Love*, and to *His Woe*;
Since his kind frame dant the large suffering bear,
In *Pity* to his People, He's not here:
For to the mighty loss we now receive,
The next Affliction were to see him *Grieve*.

There, *MARY*, undisturb'd in quiet Sleep,
None shall Profane the Urn thy Ashes keep,
Till, time's no more, by all thou shalt be read,
And be a Monument to thy Neighbour dead;
For *British* Lords thy Memory shall save,
And snatch thy Eternal Virtue from the Grave.

F I N I S.